Beleeue it better then reportingly. *exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince I doe but ſtay til your mariage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. Ile bring you thither my lord, if youle vouchſafe me.

Prince Nay that would be as great a ſoyle in the new gloſſe of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coate and forbid him to weare it, I wil only be bold with Benedick for his company, for from the crowne of his head, to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut Cupides bow-ſtring, and the little hang-man dare not ſhoot at him, he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue ſpeakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So ſay I, me thinkes you are ſadder.

Clau. I hope he be in loue.

Prince Hang him truant, theres no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be ſadde, he wantes money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prince Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Clau. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Prince What? ſigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Wel, euery one cannot maſter a griefe, but he that has it.

Clau. Yet ſay I, he is in loue.

Prince There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnleſſe it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a Dutch-man to day, a French-man to morrow, or in the ſhape of two countries at once, as a Germaine from the waſte downward, all ſlops, and a Spaniard from the hip vpward, no dublet: vnleſſe he haue a fancie to this foolery, as it appeares he hath, he is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it appeare he is.

Clau.

Clau. If he be not in lou
leeuing old ſignes, a bruſh
that bode?

Prince Hath any man ſ

Clau. No, but the barb
and the olde ornament of h
balls.

Leon. Indeed he lookes
a beard.

Prince Nay a rubs him
out by that?

Claud. Thats as much
loue.

Bene. The greateſt note

Claud. And when was h

Prince Yea or to paint h
they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay but his ieſti
lute-ſtring, and now gouer

Prince Indeed that tells
clude, he is in loue.

Claud. Nay but I know

Prince That would I k
him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill c
for him.

Prince She ſhall be buri

Bene. Yet is this no cha
walke aſide with me, I hau
to ſpeake to you, which the

Prince For my life to br

Claud. Tis euen ſo, He
ed their parts with Beatrice
bite one another when they

Enter

Baſtard My lord and b

Prince Good den brot

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